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# THE VISUAL

March

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1920

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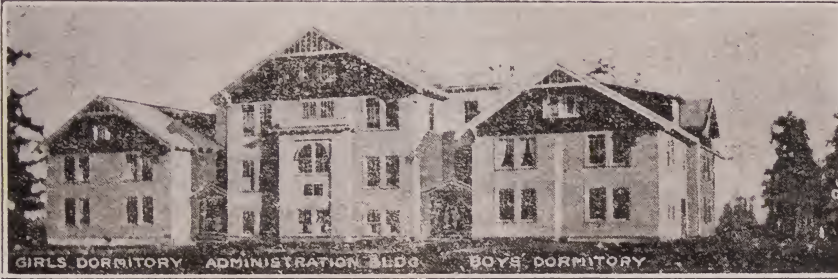
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# THE VISUAL

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY STUDENT BODY OF W. W. M. A.

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OVERLOOKING GREEN RIVER VALLEY FROM THE ACADEMY





# THE VISUAL

Vol. 1

Auburn, Washington, March, 1920

No. 2

## Have You Paid Your Rent?

By LYLE C. WILCOX.

SOMEWHERE in my reading I found this little quotation, "Usefulness is the rent we pay for the space we occupy." We occupy space, therefore we ought to pay rent. Nothing has a right to occupy space that is not useful. Christ in His parable of the barren tree taught this lesson. Often He might put to us this question, "Why cumbereth you your space?"

In the army we used an expression, "passing the buck," which means to pass on to some one else work you should do. Such a one is a "rent dodger." The Bible tells the story of a rent dodger. The rich young man who came to Jesus, had been good in a negative way; he had kept the commandments. But when Christ told him to become useful, to pay his rent, he moved—went away sorrowful. He knew his work now, but wanted some one else to do it. Being simply good will not pay our rent.

The Bible also gives an illustration of a rent payer. One poor woman, being full of gratitude for what Christ had done for her, performed upon Him what seemed a very small favor. In answering the criticism pronounced upon her by onlookers, Christ said, "She hath done what she could." By the heavenly monetary standard she had paid her rent. This commendation, "She hath done what she could," does not permit of any half-hearted effort, either. Christ will not speak it to us until we have done ALL we can. Spurious money will not be accepted by Heaven, and any half-hearted or unwilling service would be an attempt to pay in poor coin.

"Well, how can I pay my rent?" Often this question is put this way, "What can I do here?" The "here" insinuating



that if we were in some more favorable place we would do something. Generally that question from the lips, left the heart in this way, "What can I do here that I want to do?" I believe that is the question that was on the heart of the rich young man who came to Christ. His response to Christ's instructions showed it. The one asking this question is overlooking some of the little acts of kindness, some inconveniencing favors—the cup of cold water—to some larger work. But Christ can never say to such an one, "He hath done what he could." When those "little" things are faithfully done, the more "favorable place" will be found.

Yes, we have a big rent to pay. Christ paid His. He expects us to pay ours. The poor woman paid her rent, and when we remember the standard of heavenly currency—"what she could"—we all can pay.

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## The Library Campaign

By EDITH BOOMER.

THE library campaign! How that phrase thrills every pioneer student of W. W. M. A. The acknowledged need of dictionaries, reference books, and profitable recreative reading, together with the desire to standardize our school by providing an accredited library, was the aim of our campaign which began on the morning of January 14th and closed at noon February 13th.

The initiatory details of the campaign were announced one morning in chapel, at which time we learned that it was to take the form of a contest between the girls and boys; that \$500 be the goal for each side, but that the group which raised the most during the time be considered the successful one; that this body be the guests of the unfortunate side at the close of the contest; that each individual who raised \$25 be placed upon the honor roll; that a book be regarded as equivalent to a dollar; and that a program be given by both sides in honor of those who contributed to the fund. The student body entered into the campaign plans with ardor; and soon each class found itself in possession of a keen, far-sighted, energetic manager—Miss Williamson being the girls' choice and Mr. Wagner the boys'—and a wide-awake committee of five.

Plans and methods were left largely to the committees

which were under the personal direction of Professor Shepard. Actual competitive work began some time during Tuesday night when delegations of both boys and girls left for Tacoma and Seattle, each endeavoring to reach the headquarters of our work in both cities before the other, in the hope of gaining the exclusive sympathies of each church. It is reported that the boys reached Tacoma first, but not Seattle. School work being omitted Wednesday, the business sections of these cities were canvassed by both factions all day, and when the reports came in that night, the girls were credited with \$70 and the boys with \$43. The credits were placed upon the chapel blackboard which represented bookcases accommodating 500 books for each class. At the top of each case appeared the motto of the respective groups, the slogan of the girls being the plain but determined, "We can do it and we will," and that of the boys the practical aim of "A dollar an hour for thirty days." That night aching feet and tired limbs were forgotten in the enthusiasm of the first day's report; and as the daily records increased the books on both sides, table conversation, and, in fact, every bit of gossip centered more and more in the petty happenings connected with the campaign and the ultimate outcome of the contest.

Our principal held many conferences with the joint committee, endeavoring to provide regulations preventing either side from gaining an undue advantage; and undoubtedly much misunderstanding was avoided by these mutual concessions. The separate committees, however, discussed their own plans with the utmost secrecy, and even now that the campaign is finished, are loath to disclose some of their methods. The girls had but one idea—to raise money—and any fair device

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promising to secure this goal met with their approval. Many letters were written and liberal returns received; but the bulk of their fund was brought in by personal solicitation. Two entertainments were given under the management of the young ladies, one at Kent and the other at Ennisclaw. The boys; however, relied very largely on their correspondence, and an enormous number of letters was sent from their dormitory.

The first week of enthusiasm and speculation ran riot, and so zealously were books and dollars sought that on the eighth day of the contest, Miss Matterand, our librarian, was obliged to add another bookcase to the girls' side. At this stage the feminine element radiated exultation while the boys exhibited countenances of the utmost inscrutability. The second and third weeks were rather uneventful. Each day added to both totals but did not materially affect the relative positions. But the fourth week the young men began to receive returns from their letters and the strides they made added confidence to their claim of being the ultimate winners; while the girls gathered in small groups, discussed the situation, and made desperate plans to retain their fast dwindling margin of dollars.

The last five days were filled with many anxious moments. On February 9th, the young men passed the girls and great excitement ensued when the report was read. After that everything else seemed to be forgotten in a gigantic effort to maintain the lead on one side and to recover the lost prestige on the other. Wednesday the boys were reported to be \$100 ahead; and practically every girl departed with suitcases in search of books and money. Thursday saw the arrivals of hundreds of volumes, so many in fact that the librarian called for assistance in examining them; and until almost midnight books came tumbling into the library.

That evening Mr. Wagner confidentially pronounced the boys defeated; but the girls, believing that an overwhelming amount of cash would be produced, were skeptical and almost reconciled to the humiliation they expected on the morrow. In the history of W. W. M. A. February 13th will ever hold a most prominent place. Nearly every minute of the morning added books to the fund, and our library room, which had seemed so bare only four weeks before, scarcely afforded walking room around the long reading table which was piled high with the latest donations. The suspense became greater and



greater as chapel time drew on, until when the moment actually came, many took their seats with mingled feelings of hope and despair. Elder Rittenhouse being present, told us of his interest in the progress of the campaign, and his pleasure in being able to hear the final results of our effort. Then Professor Shepard, commended each side for its co-operation in the enterprise; reminded us that we had been working for a library, not to "beat the boys" or girls as the case might be, and finally gave us the totals for the month. It appeared that the girls had won by a surplus of \$49.00, having created a fund of \$1951.00, while the boys reported \$1902.00. Tense nerves relaxed and sighs of relief arose from all parts of the room. A general handshaking took place and the library campaign was unanimously declared finished.

Following are a few facts concerning the contest, including the weekly progress of each side:

	Boys	Girls
Jan. 14-21 -----	\$215.00	\$393.00
Jan. 21-28 -----	186.00	179.00
Jan. 28-Feb. 3 -----	218.00	127.00
Feb. 3-10 -----	295.00	125.00
Feb. 10-13 -----	988.00	1127.00
Totals -----	\$1902.00	\$1951.00
Books on each side -----	1303	1183
Cash on each side -----	599.00	768.00
Number who raised \$25 -----	11	9

The largest amounts brought in by individuals were \$98.86 by Mr. Loop and \$120.50 by Miss Frenzel. The total sum raised by the campaign—some having been received since the close—is approximately \$4000.00. Together with 500 volumes donated before the contest and the gift from the City of Auburn, we are assured a credited library and all are satisfied in having reached both goals.

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## Taking on the Pilot

By RALPH O. HOOVER.

IT was early one morning in January, 1919, that we hoisted our anchors and sailed slowly down the Maas River, bound for the U. S. A. Before leaving Rotterdam

we had taken on the pilot (for the Allies had not yet removed the mines from the North Sea); yet as we sailed out into the mine-infested waters we felt no anxiety. We did not know where danger threatened, but trusted wholly in the pilot, as he knew every danger along the way. He stayed with us all that day and the following

night; then as we passed through the Strait of Dover and into the English Channel he left us, as our captain was fully competent to handle the ship in the open sea. The wind and sea was against us all the way, and we encountered severe storms that can only be understood by those who have sailed the Atlantic during the winter months.

However, after nineteen days at sea we passed Nantucket lighthouse, then Sandy Hook and again we took up the pilot to guide us safely into the harbor. It

was night when we steamed into the harbor of New York. The Statue of Liberty was aglow with lights, and we were filled with joy as we looked upon it, holding forth in its upraised hand the light of Liberty to the world, for we realized that we were home once more.

The war is over and we have returned to our homes. Still there

are battles to be fought, for we are upon the Sea of Life where many a sin-sick soul is tossed, wishing for a haven of rest, when, if he would only look, he might see a lighthouse near by. God's Word, the beacon light, is shining on life's stormy sea. Here he may learn of a Pilot who is ever ready to guide the weary soul over the danger



HOME ONCE MORE



spots. There is no danger if he will only trust in Him. He is acquainted with all our griefs and dangers, for He has passed this way before.

Oh, weary mariner, lift up your eyes, look for the beacon light; lower your lifeboat and take this Pilot on board. Then only may you be sure that you will reach the harbor in safety.

## The Vision of Success

By OTIS JOHNSON, '20.

**W**OULD you in the ultimate end of your race attain success? Then be successful in everything you undertake. It means that every day must be a complete unit in itself. Every act must be a complete success and then the days, months and eternity will take care of themselves.

At the word success the whole world bows and takes off it's hat. It is nourished, cuddled and defended in the breast of the old, who are still clinging to their last ray of hope, and still thinking of the tomorrow when it will be theirs.

Enter the office with its mahogany furniture, it's office help, and its bank account of millions; there too the word is uttered with reverence.

The only cause that the lowest vagabond that wanders upon the face of the earth has for living, is, that he has some ideal down in his heart and is waiting for only an opportunity to demonstrate it to the world, and then have success.

What a small word, what a common word, and yet what a powerful word! Success! There is many a life today that has altered its course just because it caught a glimpse of the mean-

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ing of that word. At first life seemed gloomy and blue. The whole world seemed to be going wrong and nothing was quite right. Everything was seen through colored glasses. Then came a new vision, either by reading some good book or through some friendly talk. Life saw itself in harmony with other people, and as one of the great plan of the universe to co-operate and work in conjunction with the well defined laws of nature.

If you would be more than a mediocrity and mount to the heights of your ambition, then remove the colored glasses and look at things as they really are. Go over the obstacles and not around them. You are here in the world and can not be elsewhere if you would, so face the issues of life with an unconquerable will and you will change defeat into victory and failure into success. GET A VISION!

## Night

By EMILY BUFORD, '21.

AT night all things are calm and passive, and earth looks as if lulled upon an angel's lap into a breathless, dewy sleep. A pale, silvery, yellow light, livid and bloodless, prevails. The lakelet reflects on her breast the image of the moon pearly round with stars. All is restful, still and serene. How noble is the night! God's gentle, fatherly hand is laid quietly upon the palpitating earth. The stars are strung at random over night's proud brow. Yon round, still star looks half suffering from, and half rejoicing in its own strong fire. The sun insists on gladness, but at night when he is gone Nature loves to weep.

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## NEWS NOTES



The school has recently purchased another safe. That sounds like we're prospering, doesn't it?

\* \* \* \* \*

Elder Charles Huston of Seattle, entertained us Saturday night, February 28th, by an interesting stereopticon lecture on the life of Christ.

\* \* \* \* \*

Agnes Meek, Ruby Peterson and Lloyd Priest have enrolled as students for the last semester. We give them a hearty welcome to our midst.

\* \* \* \* \*

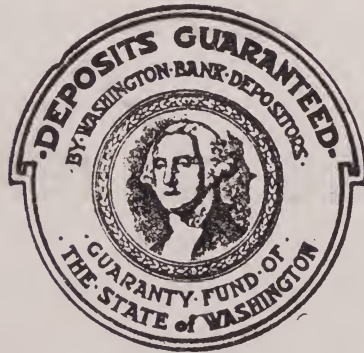
The boys unknowingly aided the girls in the contest. The girls made candy and sold it to the boys from the kitchen, turning the net profits in on the campaign.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. McCombs is certainly missed these days at the Academy. He was called away unexpectedly by the illness of his mother, who resides in Southern California. The distance to

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be travelled will probably prevent Jay from returning this year, but we hope to see him back when school re-opens next September.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Miller and Miss Zigler of Tacoma, generously offered their services in caring for the victims of the "flu." Their offer was gratefully accepted and fully appreciated by all.

\* \* \* \* \*

Uncle Sam, our cook, is again on the job. The "flu" forced him to take a week's vacation and we're all glad it was no longer, although Mr. Lehto proved himself a fine substitute.

\* \* \* \* \*

The "flu" has not slighted us this year, but has made its presence keenly felt to almost every teacher and student. Thanks to good nursing and beautiful spring weather, nearly all are again enjoying health and plenty of studying.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Caywod, our primary teacher, has gone home to convalesce, after an attack of the "flu." It being impossible to obtain a substitute, the youngsters are enjoying a vacation. However, we will all be glad when she is again able to resume her duties.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the third Sabbath evening in February, Elder Wyman gave us an interesting lecture on astronomy. He told of the other worlds in our solar system, illustrating them by a "Solarium." He also gave us valuable facts about the other heavenly bodies, and staunch arguments against the popular theory of evolution.

\* \* \* \* \*

The entertainment given in honor of all those who had so generously aided us in the campaign, took place the evening of

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February 14th, as had been planned. The various numbers on the program, consisting of speeches, recitations and music, were interesting and well rendered. Many of those who had donated were present, and we feel sure they did not regret their liberality when they witnessed the gratitude shown by the students. The entertainment was a success.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Helen Frenzell has also departed from our midst. She is now canvassing in Seattle, but plans on leaving soon for California, where she will take an indefinite stay before continuing to New York. From there, if possible to obtain a passport, she will sail for Germany, the land of her birth. We shall all miss her pleasant smile.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Local Conference Committee, that has just returned from College Place, paid us a visit Tuesday, March 10, and took up the chapel hour. Elder Ogden, President of the Union Conference, gave the opening address. He spoke of the need of young men and women who are prepared for actual service, and kept before us the aim of our academies and colleges.

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Following a short talk by Elder Burg, our new Conference President, who has returned to the Northwest after an absence of twelve years, Elders Holbroke, Copeland, Conway, Davis and Rittenhouse each gave an inspiring talk. After a meeting with the teachers in the afternoon to discuss future plans, they left for Seattle.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was with sincere regret that we bade farewell to our nurse and teacher, Miss White, who was forced to resign her position on account of her health. Miss White was an excellent nurse and worked untiringly during the "flu" epidemic. Overwork at this time was largely responsible for her broken health. She is now residing at her home in Seattle.

\* \* \* \* \*

Professor Shepard and Professor Snyder were absent last week while attending the Union Conference meeting held at Walla Walla College. They report very inspiring meetings and encouraging plans for the future. The item that interested us most was the plan made to raise funds for the improvement of our educational system. This will mean a great deal to our school.

—o—

#### BEG YOUR PARDON.

Due to a typographical error in our February issue, the year of Mr. Schafner's birth was given as 1884, instead of 1894 as it should have been.

—o—

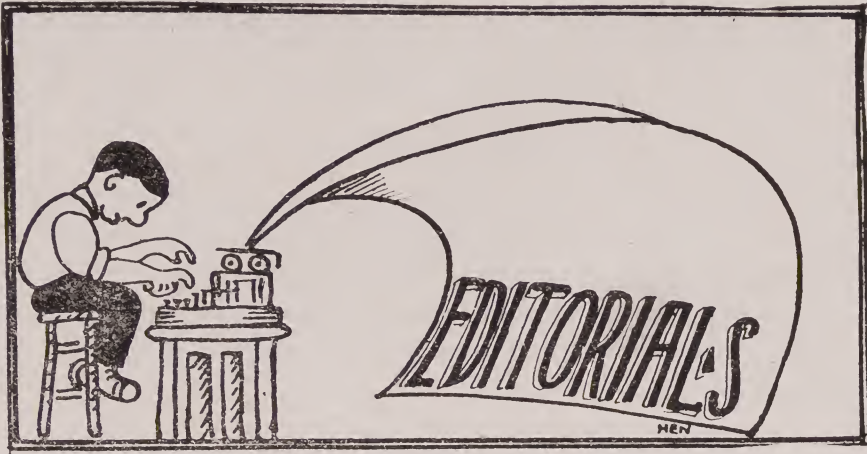
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LILIAN LAMBERT	News Editor
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DAYS, months and years flit rapidly by, impressing on rushing humanity only as a fitful dream, that it is time for Preparation and Service. The golden moments of time are valued only by those doing their utmost to gain a place in which there may be opportunity to help others.

The world's "need" is our call to service. But—prepare how? Gain a Christian education that can best fill every detail to be called upon, when observing the world's need, there is an answer: "Here am I, send me."

L. M. E.

YOUNG man, young woman, have you an aim, a purpose in life? Would you have your life's service make the world brighter, happier and nobler? Would you decrease

crime and poverty, and cause this world to be less accursed? Would you attain to true greatness? For true greatness is when you realize that in some degree your life belongs to your fellow men; and that which God gives you, He gives for the uplifting of mankind. If you desire any of these virtues then exercise self control. For until you are master of self you have no right even to desire any responsibility which would have any bearing whatsoever upon the welfare of humanity. For how can you rightly control others when you cannot control self? Self-control is the highest of all virtues. It is the center of character.

J. W. W.

If you have had an interesting experience in your work or recreation, or discovered some odd fact in the realm of science or nature, won't you pass it on? Many will be glad to read it, and you will be amply repaid for your effort by the knowledge that you are benefitting others and obliging

THE EDITORS.

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## Lamentations of a Convalescing "Flu" Patient

By MARY ULERY, '22.

"OH, this is a tough old world," groaned the "flu" patient, as she wearily turned her face to the wall. "I don't see why I cannot get up. I'm not sick. What if my head does whirl about at sixty per when I stand on my feet, it never lasts long. Although I'm somewhat wobbly on my legs, it's little wonder, the way I have to stay in this old bed. When I inquire when I may get up they say: 'maybe tomorrow.'"

"'Maybe tomorrow!' That's all I hear from morning till night. Oh, how I long to get up. Yet when I do venture forth from my room I'm sure to meet a nurse; she gives me a cold stare and says: 'Who gave you permission to get up?' 'Oh,' I replied, 'I'm not sick.' But she is merciless and after slipping me between the sheets she sticks a thermometer under my tongue, and answers, 'When your temperature goes down.'"

"Such a life. The nurses themselves don't mind like we do. Look at Miss White. When she felt like getting up, she did. Everyone complained, but she was up, and she stayed. O, well, I'm not a privileged character! Say, isn't it about time that I was getting something to eat? I heard that dinner bell ring about an hour ago. I suppose that within another hour I'll get a bowl of soup and a cracker. When I ask when I can get a square meal they reiterate: 'Maybe tomorrow.' Well I guess that the only way out is to drown my sorrow in sleep. Everything has an ending, even the 'flu' and maybe I can get up tomorrow!"

—o—

## A Note From the Music Department

By G. EARL SNYDER, Director of Music.

GOD has given to most of us a love of music, and to some the blessed endowment of a talent for it; but it is to our advantage to cultivate and develop both because of their value. Since, because of the fact that we are daily brought face to face with life's sterner realities and more exacting complexities, some might think music a secondary matter. Life's concerns, however, are now so complicated that no interest



remains separate and distinct. Music must therefore be identified as part and parcel of the interest at large.

Realizing these facts fully, the effort put forth by this department is to the end that we may aid each student to meet the call of the future. We aim to give practical training that will fit and prepare the student for competency in service in both public and private life. Accordingly our courses are outlined to suit the needs of the students, and personal interest is shared with each in his work.

We are pleased to add that recent gifts to the department have made it possible to furnish the director's studio with things pretty, interesting, and withal helpful in the development of a deeper love for music.

Now a word as to the enrollment. Up to date the department has enjoyed real prosperity in this respect. Forty-eight students have obtained permits for lessons in piano and harmony alone, while those studying vocal, under the able direction of Mrs. Wilcox, and violin with Miss Boomer, would, if added, total approximately seventy, or practically fifty per cent of the whole student body. This shows that in the Academy the interest in things musical is on a par with other institutions, and as the year progresses to a close, we hope that the interest may be intensified and enlarged.

Boost for "The Visual."

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## An Evening With the Students

By VERA MOSEBAR, '20.

"COME on girls, the supper bell rang," said Lilian as she passed a group of girls in the hall. They joined her and in a few minutes all were at their tables awaiting their turn for supper.

"Isn't this a beautiful evening? The sunset is just grand, and although the air is cool it is lovely to be out-of-doors. Our paper-bag luncheon and all calls for play on the campus, doesn't it?" All agreed with Dora, and soon after leaving the dining room Miss Houde was surrounded by a band of teasing girls. Laura was saying: "We are getting to be regular hot-house plants, and I am not used to that." "And I am getting so big the scales will hardly weigh me," rang one girl's voice, at which everyone laughed heartily.

"Well, girls," Miss Houde started, "if you will—" "Yes, we will, we will." Of course she had to laugh, then said: "If you will give me a chance I will say, certainly you may go, if you can persuade Miss Matterand to accompany you. Lucile, you and Lena go and ask her."

"All right, come on," said Lena. They soon returned with Miss Matterand, who is always anxious to be in all the fun, and together with the rest of the happy crowd, they had soon joined the young men, who were playing "blackman." Some were sitting on base finishing their lunch, while others were running from base to base, freely exercising their vocal organs. Suddenly Professor Wilcox bounded through, and all were trying to catch him. Although he fell, he was soon on his feet, and had gained the base with only the loss of the buttons on his coat.

After several games of "blackman," all were heartily enjoying a game of "flying Dutchman" when the bell for evening worship rang, and the evening play was ended. "Good night, girls," called Miss Matterand cheerily, "we will play again tomorrow evening."

After a short period of worship to our Father, who cares for us so tenderly through the day, we passed to our rooms for the study of our daily lessons. At nine-fifteen the retiring bell rang and in a few moments all was still, save for an occasional burst of laughter from some girl who found it impossible to wait until the next evening for more amusement.

## Mount Rainier

By WARREN O. PETERSON, '21.

TOWERING high above virgin forests and fertile farmlands, crowned with the snow and ice of sixty centuries, there stands virtually in our dooryard, that grand old Mount Rainier. From time immemorial it has stood there, rearing its mighty crest almost three miles toward the heavens, defying the elements and that great destroyer, Time. Had it but the power of speech it would whisper softly of the advent of new peoples and the departure of races now extinct. It would tell of the evergreen forests felled about it's base to provide stock for war-planes, and of the great ship-building industry, built during war emergency, upon its beautiful Puget Sound. Proudly would it mention the rapidly growing cities being built up all about it, and the greatest fruit centers in the world, the Yakima and Puyallup valleys—would not be forgotten.

Perhaps nothing will define its sublimity better than this bit of history. The Indian aborigines of this Northwest country regarded the Mountain as a Deity. Their name for it signified, "The Mountain That Was God."

Words have not been penned, nor adjectives coined that will adequately paint a word picture of sunset on Rainier, but to view the Mountain in change from glistening white to pink, rose, gold, and finally—as the shades of night draw nearer—to a deep lavender, is but to remember the Hand that created it.

Silent, frowning, forbidding, yet majestically beautiful old Rainier!

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OUR MOTTO:

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## Our School's First Picnic

By ALMA MITCHELL, '23.

"BE prepared to go on a picnic tomorrow morning at ten o'clock," was the announcement made at the close of the Amer-I-Can Literary Society meeting, Saturday night, March 6, 1920.

Great was our anticipation, for this was to be the first picnic of the W. W. M. A. After a hurried breakfast Sunday morning, everyone turned to his given task and soon was ready to go.

The place chosen for the playground was a field on the northern shore of the Green River. Then followed hours of pleasure. Baseball, dare-base, and pull-away were a few of the games played. Some of our most industrious boys built a bake oven. Several skipped rocks in the river, while the laziest ones searched the beach for a sand bed, there to indulge in a spring sun bath.

After playing until we were tired out we crossed the bridge to the place where the mid-day meal had been prepared. Before eating we went down to the river's edge and skipped rocks. Some of the girls did not know how to "make them skip," but with the aid of some of the more learned they soon became quite accomplished in the feat.

After answering the summons to dinner, announced by a tin can and a rock, we bowed our heads while Professor Wilcox asked God's blessing upon our food.

Then followed an hour of the most fun of the day. We passed around the table, (spread upon the ground), to get our

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luncheon, which was served cafeteria style. Baked potatoes, baked beans and potato salad formed a base for the pie, which was put on top of all. Consequently we ate our pie first. We sat on logs scattered along the beach, and had all the fun possible to have at a meal.

After dinner was over we returned to the field, where we played all the other games we could think of. We had two fine baseball teams consisting of the best players among the boys and girls. Some very good plays were made. Possibly there was nothing that caused so much interest as the relay race, which took place just before we made our departure. Mr. Jake Wagner and Mr. Angus Loop were the captains. Both sides were well chosen, making the game of intense interest. The game was played three or four times and each time Mr. Loop's side was declared winner. At about four o'clock Miss Houde announced it time to go home.

As we wound our weary way up the hillside there were none of us but what were exceedingly happy, and all agree that our first picnic was beyond a doubt a great success.

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## Testimony Study

By ANNA BELLE WILLIAMSON, '21.

OUR Spirit of Prophecy class is now well started with Professor Lyle Wilcox as its instructor. Although there is the unlucky number of thirteen in our class we consider it the best and most interesting class in school.

There are a number in the class who have never before studied the Testimonies for our church. We did not realize the importance of the study or what great spiritual help we were missing. We find that the truths are as much for the younger people as they are for our fathers and mothers.

The importance of our having a thorough understanding of the Spirit of Prophecy is exceedingly great. The Scriptures will be simplified and magnified. The Testimonies are not narrow in their view of the Bible.

Entire and whole-souled consecration must be a part of our lives. "Let this be the language of your heart: 'I am Thine, O God, to live for Thee, to work for Thee, and to suffer for Thee.' " Vol II, 261:1.

We must put away all light and trifling matters. In reading fiction, going to worldly places of amusement, and wasting our precious, God-given moments in anything that will not instruct or elevate our minds, we are placing our feet on Satan's ground and inviting his temptations; even worse, we are tempting him to lead us farther and farther away from our Redeemer.

Individuals in our denomination have made a grave mistake about the use of the Testimonies. There are many that think they are only for church members to read. Our neighbors must have the truths of the Bible before them in a simple manner as well as we. We find in Volume Four, Page Three Hundred Ninety, that we must loan them to our neighbors and study with them. Let us take the Testimonies, study them, become interested in the truths they present, and then impart our knowledge to others. In this way we will gain many blessings and also be a blessing to those about us.

—o—

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OUR SCHOOL

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BY RUBY E. WILSON, '21

What does our school mean to us;  
Only a place to stay?  
Or is it a haven of pleasure where  
We enjoy life day by day.  
Is it only to be remembered as the  
Brightest days we've known?  
A time we'll all look back to  
After we are grown?

Our school means more than pleasure,  
For it seals our future work,  
And here in our institution  
Are a class who never shirk.  
We have helped to make our school  
To shine forth as the sun,  
And we're doing all we can,  
Though we've only just begun.

The school is ours and we can make it  
Just what it ought to be;  
A shining light set on a hill  
Where every one can see,  
Casting its rays of comfort into  
The dark heathen lands,  
And giving true light to the traveler  
Out on the desert sands.

Each and every student has  
His special work to do,  
And what we once attempt  
We are bound to see it through.  
First we had no library  
But that wasn't in our way,  
We started in to get one  
And what have we today?

Only a few weeks back  
We didn't have a book,  
But if you could step in today  
And take a little look,  
You see three thousand volumes  
Standing so erect.  
And its only the very best books  
From which we did select.

Where did they all come from  
In such a little time?  
Did they rain down from the clouds  
Or from some place sublime?  
Oh no! 'tis very simple  
And still 'tis very great.  
For we students worked and got them.  
We didn't stop and wait

For someone to bring them to us,  
We brought them in ourselves.  
We went right out and got them  
And put them on the shelves.  
We worked hard and unceasing  
And we've gone far past our goal  
We accomplished what we worked for  
With all our heart and soul.

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**Department Store**

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